Vol. VI. Numb. 8

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the publick News. The Uncertainty, and ſometimes Incredibility of it; inſtanc'd in the Defeat of the Malecontents *in* Hungary. *Of our Tranſports being carry'd into* Breſt, *offer'd to the Conſideration of Mr. Advocate* Lesley. *A farther Relation of the Dialogue betwixt the two* Country-men. *A Deſcription of ſuch as miſled Princes to Arbitrary Government.*

From Wednesday, March 26. to Saturday, March 29. 1707.

Country-m. MAſter, I will tell you a little News.

Obſ. That ſhan't excuſe you from giving me the Remainder of your Talk with *Hodge*, the *Rehearſer*'s *Country-man.*

Country-m. Maſter, there is a mighty Diſcourſe of a Peace, and that it will be concluded before the End of this Campaign.

Obſ. The Warlike Preparations, both of the *French*, and the Allies, ſhow nothing of it. The Sons of *Mars* are clad in Armour this Year; not that I do believe they are more afraid of venturing their Skins, than formerly, but it looks as if they were to attempt more dangerous Enterprizes, to force Trenches, or ſtorm Towns.

Whatever the Projects and Propoſals of Peace may be on the Part of *France*, I find nothing of it, as yet, on the Part of the Allies. When the Peace comes on the Anvil, we ſhall hammer out our Sentiments on that Head; and as we have always conſider'd the particular Intereſt of *England*, in the War, we ſhall do the ſame in the Peace; for if we have no Satisfaction by the Concluſion, we muſt needs be great Looſers by the Rupture. But 'tis Time enough to talk of this Affair.

Country-m. Maſter, we have an Account come from *Breſt*, that thirteen of the *Engliſh* Tranſports are brought into that Harbour.

Obſ. If Mr. Advocate *Leſley* had anſwer'd me the Queſtion I ſo lately gave him, I ſhould have put him a few more on this Head.

Country-m. Maſter, you may do it for all that; perhaps he'll anſwer them all at once.

Obſ. I would have him put in for Judge-Advocate, at the Tryals of the Commanders of the Convoy: As alſo to tell us, whether it would not have been more ſafe, for our Tranſports to have ſail'd with the *Dutch* Admiral *Vandergoes*, ſince, for a Month or ſix Weeks before, we had Intelligence, That *Du Queſne* was ready to ſail with a Squadron from *Breſt?*

2dly, How many Day's Time it will take to water two Ships at *St. Hellens* or *Spithead?*

And if he can but get off theſe Commanders, by proving, that the Tranſports were loſt by Streſs of Weather, I dare engage thoſe Commanders will be thankful.

Roger, I don't care how little we talk of publick News, becauſe our Accounts are not only uncertain, but incredible. We have had repeated Accounts of the Defeat of fifteen thouſand *Malecontents*, in which, two thouſand of 'em were kill'd upon the Spot. I look'd narrowly, to find how many were kill'd on the other Side, and after much Search, I found on one of the Prints, Number 90. Now, this muſt needs ſhock the Faith of Mankind, to believe, that fifteen thouſand Men ſhould be routed, and two thouſand of that fifteen thouſand kill'd, with the Loſs of only ninety Men.

Country-m. A Papiſh can't believe this, and yet they believe every Thing the Prieſts bid 'em.

Obſ. Come, *Roger*, let us have the reſt of the Dialogue betwixt thee and *Hodge*; 'twill be an Eaſe to me at this Time.

Country-m. Why, Maſter, I met *Hodge*, the transform'd Beau *Country-man* in the Street, and thus he accoſted me.

H. What, my old Friend, *Roger?* I thought thou had'ſt been gone into the Country before now.

R. I have been in the Country, but Fodder growing ſcarce, and my fat Oxen being fit to be kill'd, I return'd to *London*, to ſell 'em. And now, *Hodge*, we will not part before we have had t'other Meſs of Chat. I know where is good *October*, and we'll take a Pot of it, if you can bring your Chaps to it, for I ſuppoſe thou'ſt chang'd thy Liquor, as well as thy Cloaths.

H. To tell thee the Truth, I have drunk nothing but Claret for ſome Time paſt; but I don't care now, if I take a Pot of *October* with thee, for I am big to hear thy Charge againſt me; honeſt *Hodge* won't be made a Lyar.

R. As for thy drinking Claret, I do not admire, for thy Maſter's *St. Germain*'s Friends, have been ever generous to their toping Tools; and as to thy belying my Maſter, thou ſay'ſt, in the *Rehearſal*, *March* the 8th, *No.* 189. That my Maſter is converted too.

H. Not ſo faſt, *Roger*; I ſay, the *Obſervator* ſeems to be converted; I don't poſſitively ſay, he is converted.

R. I ſee thou ha'ſt learn'd the tricking and ſhamming Part of thy Maſter's factious Church. But Lyars ought to have good Memories; for after thy Maſter has poſſitively ſaid it, and thou granting what he ſays, is as much as if thou had'ſt ſaid it thy ſelf. For at Figure 6, thou ſay'ſt, Tho' he's *a Convert to the State*, (meaning my Maſter) ſo thou grant ſt him to be ſo.

H. My Maſter makes it appear, that thine is ſo from his own Words, if he will abide by 'em, for in No. 93, he ſays, *To ſet up any Power equally with her*, (the Queen) *or independent, is unhinging*

unhinging our Conſtitution, and breaking the very Frame of our Government. And in No. 88, he ſays, *Her Majeſty has as undoubted a Title to the ſupream Power in the Church, as ſhe has to that in the State; and without theſe two Powers ſolely veſted in her Royal Perſon, ſhe is but half a Queen.— And both are inſeparably united in the ſame Royal Perſon.*

R. And what of all this, *Hodge*, about which thy Maſter makes ſuch a Pother? And I will ſhew thee, becauſe I find thee very ignorant, that what my Maſter ſays, is ſo far from ſhewing mine to be a Convert, that he never ſaid any Thing more conſiſtent with his avow'd Principles; for which thy Maſter has been ſo long quarrelling with him; and he knows it too, if he would ſpeak out. But having no Reaſon to ſupport his Principles, his Talent lies in confounding and perplexing noon-day Truths, that he might encourage Knaves in their Oppoſition to the Government; and by putting Things in a falſe Light, he may dazzle the Eyes of *Ignoramus*'s, like thy ſelf. When he ſays, none but the Whigs and Diſſenters buy up my Maſter's Papers, he acknowledges 'tis an up-hill Game he has to play, for ninety five Parts of an hundred in the Nation, are Whigs and Diſſenters. But 'tis falſe in Fact, for I know ſeveral Non-ſwearing *Jacks*, that buy 'em up.

H. They are Diſſenters too.

R. It is very true, *Hodge*, they are ſo with a Witneſs; for they will not ſwear to the Government, but deny her Majeſty's rightful Title to the Throne. But, *Roger*, let me aſk thee one Queſtion, in order to let thee ſee what Fooling thy Maſter is guilty off, when he attempts to make my Maſter a Convert. Did'ſt thou ever find, that my Maſter has ſaid, That her Majeſty, or her Predeceſſors, has, or ever had a ſovereign, uncontroulable, abſolute Power to govern by meer Will and Pleaſure?

H. No, that ever I heard of. And I believe not, for if ever he had, my Maſter, and my ſelf, ſhould have taken Notice of it to Purpoſe; for then he had been a true Convert, and one of us to the full.

R. And yet, thou nor thy Maſter dare not ſay ſo, knowing, that 'tis againſt our Conſtitution for the Prince to have ſuch a Power; and our Law would make an Example of any one that ſhould aſſert it. And ſuch are the lawleſs Principles of thy Maſter's factious Church, that they would wade thro' Thick and Thin, to inveſt a Prince with ſuch a Power, whom they would govern as their Property, in the Managing of it; which they have done, to the Ruin of ſeveral of her Majeſty's Predeceſſors; and their implacable Hatred againſt her Royal Perſon, is, becauſe ſhe will not ſuffer them to ruin her too.

Now, *Hodge*, ſince our Kings and Queens have not ſuch a Power, I will ſhew what a Power they have, and how ſeveral of them have ſlip'd from the Throne by Male-Adminiſtration, and by the Advice of thy Maſter's Church and Faction. And I hope, before I have done, to make thee a Convert to Truth and Honeſty.

H. What, *Roger*, do'ſt thou ſuppoſe me to be both *Fool* and *Knave?*

R. Not ſo much Fool neither, tho' thou ar't ignorant enough; and therefore, for old Acquaintance Sake, I will endeavour to ſet thee right in the grand Point of the Power of our Princes.

Country-m. And ſo, Maſter *Obſervator*, we went on with our Diſcourſe, which I will at ſome other Time relate.

Obſ. Roger, I hope thou wil't convert the *Country-man*, and I would do the ſame good Office to his Maſter, could I once bring him to a Point, and make him argue fairly; but he's a meer Volatile, a Church-Cracker; he bounces in one Place, and then in another. He's a Lump of Eccleſiaſtical Quick-ſilver, always in Motion; a Church Squirrel, that no Baſiliſk or Rattle-ſnake can charm, no Reaſon can force, or Argument can convince. He's a way-ward Creature, like his own Country Horſes; he draws by the Tail, and not by the Shoulders; he's a meer Unaccountable, a Hodge-podge of Inconſiſtencies, Jargon, and Deceit.

But, *Roger*, I like your Notion well enough, that 'tis the Faction of High-Church, that has ruin'd ſo many of our crown'd Heads; this is what I have obſerv'd in our Hiſtories, even from the Infancy of our Government.

And if Princes would but ſeriouſly conſider the Deſigns of the Perſons that put them upon arbitrary Acts, they could never be hurry'd to their own Deſtruction.

A Prince is certain to ſit eaſy on his Throne, and never to have his Head gall'd with the Crown, while he keeps within the Boundaries of Law; and thoſe that adviſe him the contrary, take the Cuſhion from his Seat, and line the Crown with Thorns, and not only make him, but his People, uneaſy; which too often has terminated in the utter Ruin of the Prince.

And let us trace our Hiſtories, and we ſhall find thoſe that have miſled Princes into the Road of arbitrary Power, to be baſe Wretches, undeſcended Scycophants and Parafites, that form'd the Deſigns of their own Greatneſs, on the Ruin of their Maſters: And as their Families have been ſoon extinct, ſo their Memories have been infamous to Poſterity.

I can't deſcribe ſuch Perſons better than Mr. *Dryden* has done it already. I think 'tis in his Play, call'd, *The* Spaniſh *Fryar.*

Mark thoſe, who dote on arbitrary Power,
And you ſhall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, ſervile in their Greatneſs,
Or Slaves to ſome, to Lord it o'er the reſt.
Oh Baſeneſs! to ſupport a Tyrant's Throne,
And cruſh your free-born Brethren of the World! &c.

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